

"When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blows a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs!"

MOORE.

The flowers in their thousand tints and shapes,
and perfumes, are each a miracle of beauty, yet
they are plentiful as the dews which nourish
them.

"Summer! delicious summer, thou dost fling
Thy unbought treasures o'er the glorious earth;
Music is in thy step, and in thine eye
A flood of sunshine! on thy brow is wreathed
Garlands that wither not, and in thy breath
Are all the perfumes of Arabia."

JUNE.



"Seemed all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crowned with a rosie girlond that right well
Did her besee; and ever as the crew
About her daunst, sweet flowers that far did smell,
And fragrant odours they upon her threw."

FAIRIE QUEEN.

"Now comes the rosy June and blue-eyed hours,
With songs of birds, and stir of leaves and wings,
And run of rills, and bubble of bright springs,
And hourly burst of pretty buds to flowers."

WEBBE.

SUMMER begins in June, which is really in this
climate, what the poets represented May to be,—
the most lovely month of the year. The trees are
now in their fullest garniture, and the fields in full
blossom with the clover and the still more exqui-
site bean, of which the poet Thomson speaks
thus:—

"Long let us walk
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy, than, lib'ral thence
Breathes through the sense and takes the ravish'd
soul."